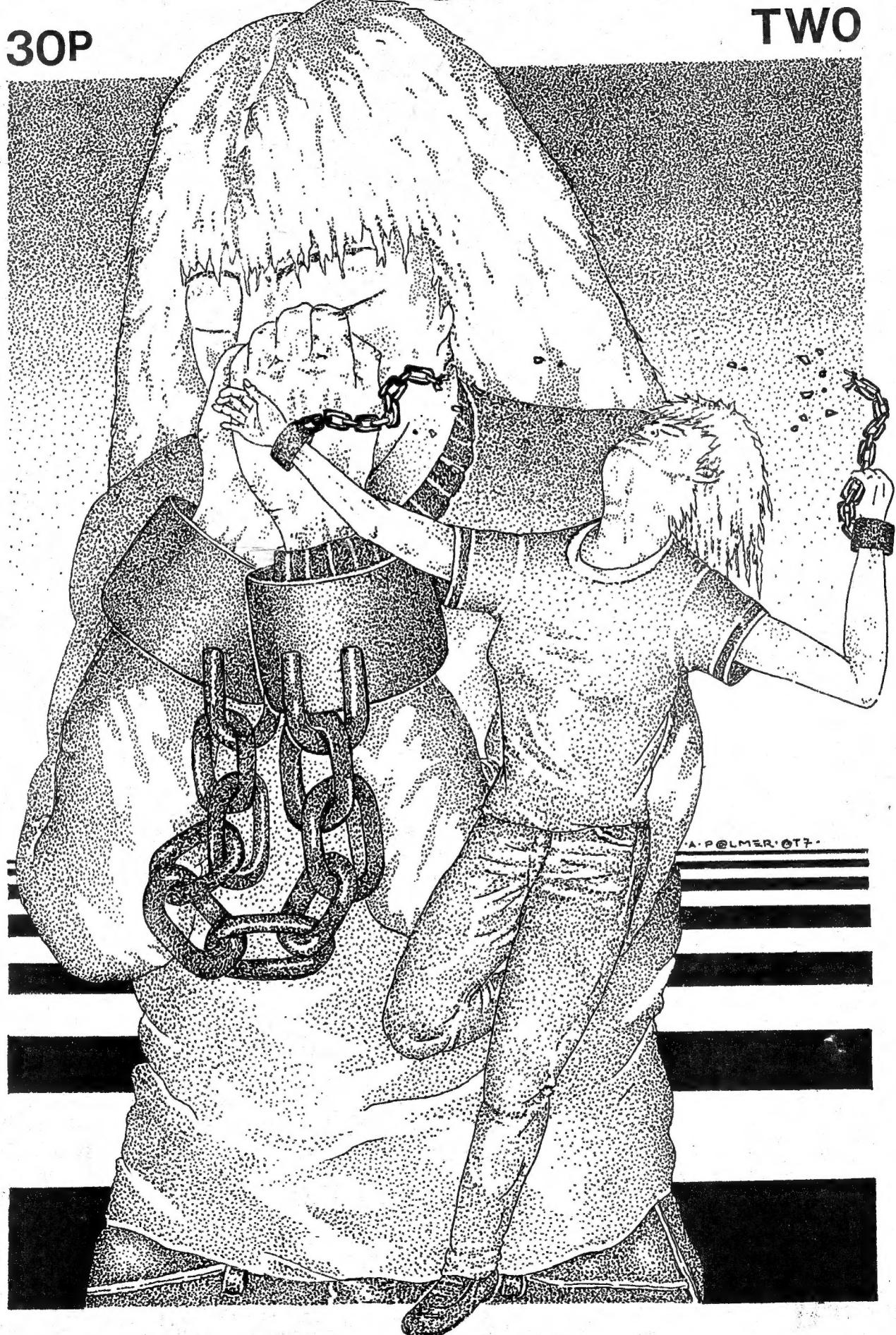


DINGO BABY

30P

TWO



INTRO

DINGO BABY
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What makes people motivated? Why do they continue to struggle on, even though it reaches a point where all the odds are stacked against them? I wonder a hell of a lot why I bother to do a lot of things, a vast majority of time, I think that I'd be much better off leaving all you jokers to your own devices. You can all wallow in your pitiful pools of self selfishness, until the last visible limb disappears from view, and the smile breaks across my lips. Yeah, sure we all know and fully comprehend the threat of danger we're all living under, in various guises, some just don't want to know, others try resistance, some know, and do nothing, while some know, but don't give two pieces of fetid shit, upholding their ignorance, but what I'm talking about here, is an aspect more closer to home, something we all know about—Inter human relationships, or should I say in a nutshell; how we continue to live/exist, understand respect each other, or as what should be stated, how we don't, right? Nops, this ain't one of those Love & Hugs shit trips, that we can all affectionately shot given the right moment as a token gesture, the point I'm desperately trying to make, and promote, is basic human nature, and how it sucks to the fuckin' highest limit!

I don't believe for anything, that conditionally makes me happy, and I doubt I'll ever find anything that ever will. At the best of times, I feel such a cold cynical jerk you could ever imagine, and that's probably why I feel so screwed with everyone else around me. I see nothing that can ever change my train of thought, I've existed in one ghetto for nearly 22 years, transferred to another for the past 0, and I can't see why I should continue to do so. Frustration reeks havoc, and to put it bluntly I'm sick to death of people in general, I'm not going to bother going into all the excuses and accusations, because I know for a fact, that the majority have experienced it for themselves. Everythings fucked, and no one seems to give a flying shit to try and attempt to resolve it, as far as I'm concerned, you can all live out your live's in the squabble you've created, prepared to do nothing, except moan, and just wither. It's laughable it's a joke, you're the joke, and I hope you enjoy it.

The editorial. I wondered a great deal about this last page to fill, and all the waste of time that goes with it. The time lapse between the last, and this issue is pretty minimal, so what exactly can be said? *1 got a favourable response, I can accept that, even though I wish I couldn't in some respects, but as we're all fully aware, to raise response is difficult in these apathetic times. What I strived for with *1 didn't come off, and I realised that before it went to print. To tell you the truth, I don't really know what to expect from this zine. A zine is a zine, so I've been told but surely it's got to be more than something read, and discarded afterwards, that of course obviously depends on the reader and contents, but surely no one be aiming for a complacent audience? On the other hand I can relate to that statement, judging by what people say, and don't obviously do. *1 was shit basically, admit it, look deep enough into it, so full of standard zine rigmarole, serving for the right consumers, with that particular aquired taste

I don't think I'll ever be capable of executing just exactly what I'd be reasonably happy with, and I guess *2 will just be the same, if not identical.

So what gives with *1 & *2? I feel the re is a progression, the new format and layout is an improvement, so that's a start. As you're likely to find out, there are no "articles" contained within this issue, there never will be, and there wasn't meant to be any in the first place, that word always conjures up images of page after page of information on various subjects that we all know full well about, and any way there are other perfectly good publications that give coverage to that anyway. I'm not going to promote politics at all I'm more on a par with furthering my creativity through art, graphics, and literature, personal, thoughtful, and honest.

Anyway *2 contains the 2nd part of "Be hind the hidden depths", my first story for a very long time (and doesn't it show) supposedly quite high in naivety, and pretension. It is, in a sense total fiction make of it what you will, if you get stimulation out of it, that's great, personally I find it embarrassing to the upmost. The other journey into storyland "Total Sensory Deprivation" is more to my liking, and if I can explain, is based around both fiction and non fiction, though I guess the latter outnumbers the former. Apart from those words, I wish to say no more on either, it's entirely up to your imagination, and thought (assuming you've got some?) I'm not here to give away the answers and explanations, that would crush the whole effect. Think about what you see and read.

Once again we have 3 more interviews, and once again they're on the long side, which does have both it's pro's and con's. I'd like all the interviews to be as in-depth, interesting, and stirring as possible. I know the interviews appear to be overshadowing the other content, but as we all know bands produce music, which helps sell zines. Incidentally these interviews are with people, and not actual "bands", ok. I should add, and mention the other contributor's, Cockney for his piece of writing, and Pesty for the L'a'm interview, both receive the golden handshake award, I can of Tennent's super to Cockney, and warm milk and cookies to Pesty (ho, ho, ho).

A couple more points to flush away, for get (if you're about to) moaning about the price increase, the printing costs went up, simple as that, anyway clown, you're receiving more pages than last time, if you work it out. The next point is important to anyone who writes to me, is about to, or alternately, anyone I write to. Right, if you write with an order for a zine, that order will be posted the next day, unless I'm away, ill, dead, or I didn't receive it. Ok, if anyone writes, say, just for the hell of it, and including the folk I communicate with, I can reply between 2/3 weeks, quicker in some cases, urgent, necessary, or otherwise. I can guarantee speedy replies if the circumstances are correct ok. So why all this you're asking? Well, it's just basically an explanation, if you don't receive a reply, 'cos if you don't, blame The Post Office, not me, either I didn't get yours, or you didn't receive mine, understand? If you don't hear from me at all write again, so it can be sorted out.

On the zine front, there's not a great deal to mention, that's been of any excitement recently, but here's a few, and I urge you to check out all of them, if you've got any sense. HEADROT *4(A4), easily the best piece of printed matter that's ever existed to my knowledge, so what if the instigator's interview is long, I don't like them either, but I'm quite prepared to read what they have to say, unlike some who immediately slagged it, before they'd even seen a word. Excellent idea with the 2 remaining i/views—'Parents Within The Scene', which concerns Vic, Paula, and Rick, Innovation there plebbs. All tied up with Chris's further journeys into the world of literature, in every form. Motivate yourself and send 35p+SAE to: 103 Furlewent Drive, Weston, Bath, Avon. Onwards with the new GRIM HUMOUR *1(A4), this is such a mammoth issue, I can only explain in brief, since the 100 pages are contained—Rapeman, Dance Naked, Cindy Talk, The Wasp Factory, Rollins Band, Godflesh, Punilux, Iain Banks, Die Keuzen, HDQ, Fugazi, Cod, Nak Ed Raygun, as well as Lydia Lunch, Swans, Charles Manson, pieces, reviews galore, gory film extravaganza, letters, art, Faith No More, tour report, opinions, you can't go wrong, f1+SAE to: 7 Wentworth Gardens, Bullockstone, Herne Bay, Kent, CT6 7FT. STROKE MY SWASTIKA *3(A4), a swell rag containing thought provoking words, art, short stories, news clippings, graphics, and poetry. Not a band in sight, and truly original with what it promotes, 30p+SAE to: 27 Third Ave, Wetherby, West Yorks, LS22 4JR. From across the shores, and totally choc-o-bloc is, HAPPYCORE *5(A4), interviews with Subvert, Crimpshrine, So Much Hate, Inhuman Conditions, Half Off, and Hunger Artist. Loads of letters, opinions, and various well written in depth articles, poetry, and reviews. Brilliant. I'm unsure about the price though, so f95 \$2 and maybe some IRC's to: PO BOX 195 Mesa, Arizona, 85211 USA. ENDLESS STRUGGLE *2(A4), continuing with it's impressive standards, you get Misery, and Infestation, Swedish scene report, a lot of reviews, graphics, news, opinions, and excellent articles from it's Gchrist stance. Probably their best yet, f2ppd to: c/o 6 286 9, 1935 Commercial St, Vancouver BC, V5N 4A6, Canada. Just in is the new DARK DIA MONDS *2(A5), and I've yet to read it, but get hold of a copy to avoid disappointments, truly original to read (lots), articles on Syncretism & Christianity, E.C.T., The Greenhouse Effect, plus art, graphics, poetry, reviews, opinions, and a A3 poster, yeah! 40p+SAE to: 1 St Johns View, Boston Spa, Wetherby, West Yorks, LS23 6NQ.

Final junk to plug is the latest from Internal Autonomy: the 1st demo is deleted full stop. The 2nd 'Cause Of Liberty' has been re-released with an improved cover and is £1.50ppd. The 3rd 'Atmospheres' possibly limited is £1.60ppd. The 4th 'Capitalism On Sulphate'. The Empire Strikes Back, was recorded in a proper studio—high quality, and way improves everything previous, that's £2. ppd, with full colour sleeve and badge, and probably everything else you want. On the horizon is a split 7" with Call Me LEGION For We Are Many, which should cook indeed. If you need more info, check either addreses with the interview. (Ok that A1? tee hee hee).

Maybe, just maybe, I'll get there one day... Anthony

ESCAPE YOUR HEAD

Thanks/Hellos to: AHAN for the printing, Bob for the flyers, Vic, Al, Nikki, The L'A'm dudes, Martyn, Cockney. Also Ruth especially (keep that jumper away from me!), The *10 'Nothing ever gets done' defunct crew, Chris & Becky in Bath, and Cathy & Ste in Darwen, for the places to stay, Alan, Becki and Brob from over the sea's, Mat, Andy, C, Bish, Richo & Andrica, Foxy Paul, Pete 'ATGD', Pig da Punk, Welly, Tommy, Karl, Lee, Mick 'Polemic', Nick & Paul from swingin' Ponty, Steve 'HUT' Andy Martin, and anyone else who reckon's they deserve it.

Cookin' time: Rhythm Pigs: 1st Lp/Flour: Lp/Soul Asylum: Hangtime, Lp, Made to be broken, Lp + comp' tape/Internal Autonomy: Capitalism on Sulphate.. cassette Lp/Dead Can Dance: all 4 Lp's that have titles too long to list here/Koving Targets: Burning in Water, Lp/Killdozer: Lp/Little Baby Buntin', Lp, Burl: 12", Snakeboy, Lp/Red Hot Chilli Peppers: Lp/The Apostles: Live at the Akademie 108 + A Consumer Commodity, Lp, tapes/Skinny Puppy: Lp/Walter Elf: Heat Oper Nei, Lp/Stickdog: Lp/Instinct: Bonds of Friendship, Lp/Shudder To Think: Curses, Lp/

INTERNAL AUTONOMY

A relatively unknown band formed a couple of years ago, who have so far released 3 cassettes, the latter being a complete joy to listen to, adding sparkle to this depressing so called scene of ours, an excellent mixture of styles, in fact something for everyone, and definately worth checking out.

Al and Nikki answered the questions to this somewhat different interview approach, the other remaining member-Yoggy, didn't get his answers in time, so we'll never know what he had to say for himself.

Either addresses are at the end, if you want to enquire about tapes, and the distribution 'Alternate Culture' that Al runs. Again, I'm sure SAE's will be handy.

DB: INTERNAL AUTONOMY?

Al: Me, Mark (Infection), and Nikki made the name up collectively. To me it means that real autonomy is mainly only allowed to be within yourself, also I reckon there's a bit of autonomy/anarchy inside everyone somewhere, well a lot of people anyway.

NIKKI: By 'Internal Autonomy' do you mean why the name, or what does it mean, or I.A...so what? Anyway the name because it was somewhat less "if 'ie" (I think that was the word...) than "Neither Stares nor Matters", which was a cliché that made me cringe, and because it's about being autonomous within yourself. An anarky of the spirit if you like. Anyway, I understand it as a harmony inside myself, realizing my goals, my restrictions, and desires being as free as I can, in my own understanding, and thus achieving a Tao (from Taoism) inside, which I may in turn project, balance with anger, understanding, controlling it using it positively and constructively, and the same applies to love. Thus allowing myself freedom-yes to me 'Internal Autonomy' is to do with being-spiritually free, and it may all sound like 'Hippy' garb, but it doesn't make it any less true. Oh yes, and it scans well, I mean it rolls off the tongue quite comfortably. Big thanks to Mark 'Infection' for sitting on the floor and helping us... come up with it-Yeah!

DB: INFLUENCES & INSPIRATIONS?

Al: Musically my influences are pretty varied, mainly; Gothic/Thrash/Folk/Reggae, I

don't know if this is evident so much in the music of I.A, at least not in a blatant fashion. I guess on some of the material I wrote you can pick bits out. Musically I'm greatly influenced by The Chameleons, very early Amebix, Hawkwind (not the spacey stuff though), and some of the early anarchist thrash punk bands (Rudimentary Peni, Alternative). Ideologically speaking my influences are mainly Shakespeare, bits of Steinbeck, parts of Bakunin's later stuff, Proudhon, Kropotkin, some Herzen, and a pinch of Godwin for good measure. I tend to take bits from various places, and then formulate my own ideas from there.
NIKKI: Influences and inspirations come from many sources eg: Bowie (yes I'm not afraid to admit it), Kate Bush, Bauhaus, Siouxsie & The Banshees, Crans, Swans, Lost Cherrries, Flowers In The Dustbin, The Mob, Chumba's... the list is endless on a musical level, and as you can see very diverse. Also in writing ie: Poetry-Sylvia Plath, Dorothy Parker, A.A. Milne (I am greatly inspired by Pooh), Louis Carroll... But real inspiration comes from those people around you everyday, if they're shitty, they make you feel shitty and the angry, etc... so it's all the people out there that most inspire me, both positively and negatively, but which ever inspiration, when used, is always positive.

DB: YOUR LOCAL AREA?

Al: Boring, suburban, dreary, full of snobs and reactionary elements, but some very pleasant countryside (what's left of it) and a good few likeable and decent folks such as Surrey in general I'm afraid.

NIKKI: Well it's fields and a channel. Nothing much "punk" going on, but a wonderful place to wander, go and see where the fairies live in a big hollow tree that came down in '86' storm. Talk to the trees and feel free... oh yes, and shout MORE! under a bridge.

DB: GIGS?

Al: Ha! Well we'll do some eventually I suppose. Personally I think most gigs are self indulgent scenes of stupid and irresponsible behaviour, where people get hurt or intimidated or gossiped about in the name of fun. I'd like to do something a little out of the ordinary really. Ever notice how easily someone gets slagged off for wearing some article of leather, but the same people conveniently ignore arseholes who sell drugs at gigs, like speed and acid, instead of giving them...

the kicking they deserve.

NIKKI: Gigs? Well we've never done ones. I'll talk about how gigs make me feel... mostly depressed and filled with despair, I wish I could say differently. I must be something of a naive child, 'cos I always trot along thinking, "Oh, yeah", and looking forward to having a positive and constructive time with like minded people, only to discover the place is full of 'FONKS!' (am I punk yet?). Cloning each other, dope, stoned, wrecked... aggressive... following trends, hero worshipping, falling into a "fun hall" mirror image of the pop world, and calling it alternative, it's not the bands, it's not the gigs, it's just the minority spoiling it for the majority again. Best gig I've been to recently, was the 'Sore Throat' one, with you and Mark, 'cos the attitudes of most of the people there seemed much more positive, and it was a fun experience, which is how it should be.

DB: THE OCCULT?

Al: Anyone who dabbles with the occult has no idea of what they are doing, they're messing with something that we barely understand, we don't know what the force is that we call the occult, it's consequences can be dire. I stay miles away from anything like that-scares the shit out of me.

NIKKI: Well, the occult conjures up a black vision to me, of something I once dabbled with, but did not truly understand. It seems to me sheer stupidity to wander in to places, where boundaries of reality as we understand it, do not exist. I can't control somethings, so I choose to take them as they are, unchanged by me... And such inspirations towards changing and controlling are born from a kind of negative force anyway... My only desire is to understand, and understanding the world we live in is hard enough anyway-although sometimes I do like to leave it all behind me in a fantasy world of dragons and fairies... But daydreams are something I can control.

DB: ASTRAL PROJECTION?

Al: Well, I've been to the London Planetarium, but that's about it, sorry.

NIKKI: Are we talking OBE's here? (Out of Body Experiences). Well, I've never had one, although sometimes I feel like my soul is spinning in my body, and trying to tumble out, it's a sensation like falling and flying at once, not being....



afraid of death, because the sensation of freedom is so intense. I also used to lie down and listen to music, drifting into it and floating upon the colours within it, until I felt I was above my body, and my limbs were so heavy that I could not move them. I also have 2 very close female friends, and as a unit we are so strong, that we can hear and share each others emotions over vast distances, it's a good feeling to never be alone, as we are always there for each other, "Moon Sisters", I only wish all humans could be like that.

DB: SEPARATISM?

AL: I can't agree with any form of separatism at all, it only creates divisions, and further bigotry. In the case of groups like 'Men Against Sexist Shit', I absolutely support their aims, and what they are practically doing, but I can't wholeheartedly support their methods (i.e. separatism). It's like you see all this stuff like feminist separatist groups, and Black/Asian/Jewish separatist groups, it's all fucking shit. Basically, people can't suss things and each other out, while they are shutting themselves off in little ghetto's, telling everyone else to "Fuck off", we can only work things out, and change things if we unite, reach understandings, and learn from each other, and while we remain in divided groups, we can achieve nothing, or only a little, by remaining apart we end up shitposting on our own movement.

NIKKI: Well on the whole, I feel any form of separatism is a bad thing, because in order to separate, you must first say "We're different", i.e. your black, I'm white, or, you're male, I'm female, etc, and I don't think pigeon holing in this manner is entirely sussed. But never the less it does work in Male Feminist groups, all female sub groups, and so on, but isn't it kind of elitist really? When you get down to basics, we're all the same, we all breathe, we all die, we all bleed, no matter what shall we're wearing on the outside. So isn't it time we just got on with it and lived.

Having said that, I can see the point of separatist groups as long as there is/feared back from other groups, it's by discussing our emotions, and by sharing our thoughts, that we can learn to be united and strong. Together we have the key to understanding and strength, we must learn to trust and share, like we did as very small children before ideas of difference of colour and sex were ingrained into us.

DB: CENSORSHIP?

AL: Censorship as we all know is the repression of free expression, the attitudes and standards of a select body imposing itself on everyone else, therefore I consider it insulting and obscene.

NIKKI: Censorship, not one of my hot subjects. Really... what I mean is that it is something I haven't really thought about enough about to make a decided comment on... yes I'm honest enough to admit that! Well what does it conjure up-2 ideas: 1) Sexual censorship. 2) Political. Of which I dare say the latter is the one you're driving at, it's a bit of a double blade really isn't it? Because some forms of censorship must have a positive effect, yet really any censorship is restrictive and therefore not a good thing. It's a to ugly "cookie" this one. In an ideal world there would be no censorship, because it is a restriction upon freedom. But by all owing a person to write, film, print anything, they may encroach on the majorities freedom. Which is more oppressive? By allowing blatant sexual images of women to be printed, this society is restricting my freedom as a woman, but on the other hand, by censoring writings e.g. the recent 'Spycatcher' hub bub, vital information may be being withheld from us. But it goes on everyday, what strange values this world owns.

DB: THE WORK ETHIC?

AL: 'Work' as is defined at present, by a 'job' is rarely virtuous or interesting and largely for the manufacture of superfluous commodities or needless services. Wages are an insult, and a poor substitute for true productivity and enjoyment/ sharing the fruits thereof. Work is only truly work, if you chose when, how, and where you work at/for, and produces really useful things, or creates/ments constructively.

NIKKI: Well, I work, but unlike most of the rest of the world I do enjoy what I do, and it does allow me the freedom to be an individual. Work on the whole is scattered very unevenly through society, the idea of working in order to line someone else's pockets, and rip off the rest of the population, pisses me off entirely... but then I'm part of it, so in many ways, I'm a hypocrite. We all need to work in some form, but it should be enjoyable.

DB: THE FAMILY UNIT?

AL: Well this can be a good thing, but also a bad thing. I think it's pretty shitty at the moment, 'cos the 'family' is...



pressured to conform accordingly to statistics, and the way society is run in general, i.e. husband goes to work (breadwinner, wife and mother/kids in school, etc), everyone acting a role and neatly in place. In just basic principle, there is nothing wrong with a 'family', but it shouldn't be made up of stereotyped figures, and shouldn't be the accepted 'norm', as this is only discriminating against homosexual women and men, and people who may choose to live together and multiply, but have no wish to chain each other in marriage. NIKKI: As I see it, this can consist of anything, provided a child is wanted, and that doesn't necessarily have to apply with this society, we now understand it as a nuclear family, i.e. Mother, Father, and 2(?) children, which always doesn't work at all that well. But in truth, what a family is, is a group bounded by warmth and love, sharing common goals. Sharing joy & pain, and really that can be built out of anything... I mean I would say that you lot all living together at No.10, are a family, and probably a much more effective one, than your average nuclear family group.

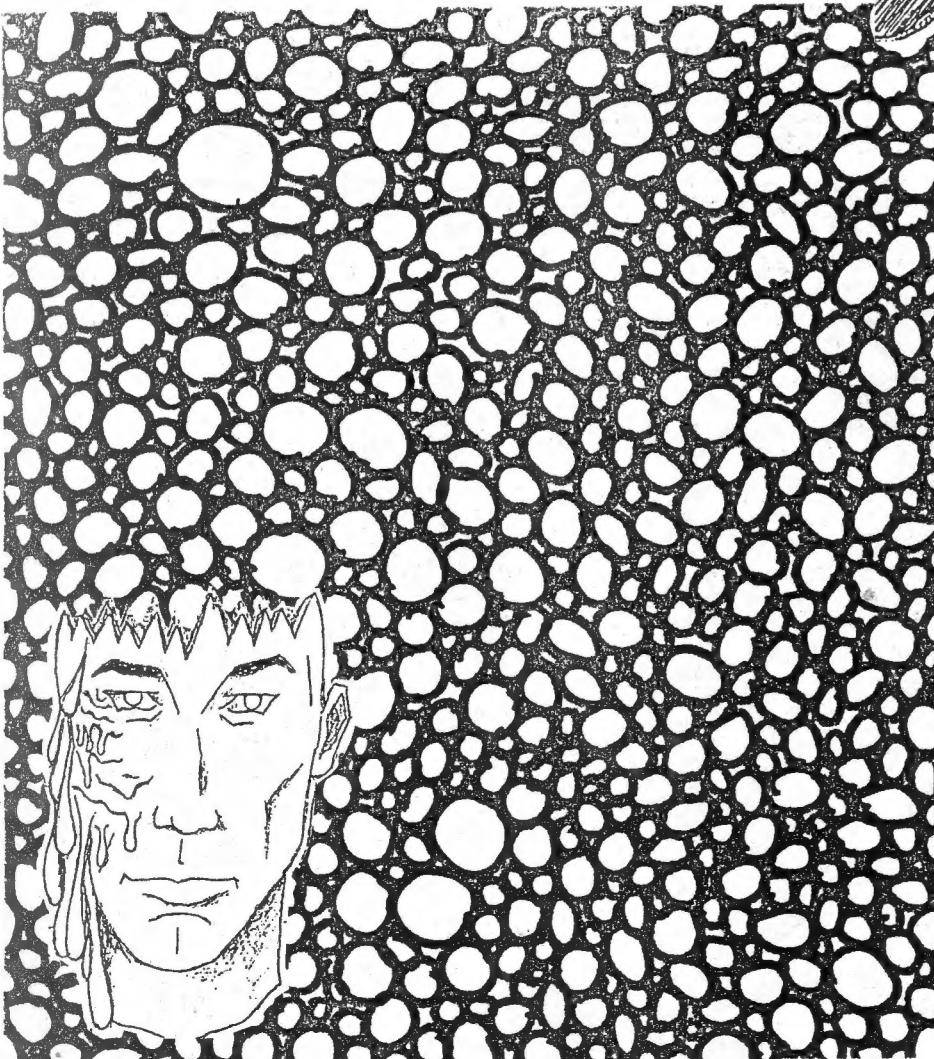
DB: SOCIAL WORKERS?

AL: Some are well meaning idiots, others are bitter meddlesome insecure little people, with a power problem. Either way, I can't see a need for them.

NIKKI: Well I suppose 'Social workers' might have some constructive uses (ideas considered), but the word "social", makes you think of society-teaching you to be "a part of society". Making people conform to that norm. I just think that it's a shame that there's any necessity for such a role to be taken in life. It's time we all learnt to support, and help each other really, isn't it?

DB: COMMUNAL LIVING?

AL: I think people would be far better off living in a "communal" way, in the sense of a true community. I don't think that you can impose conditions in communal life, or make hard and fast standards, or make everyone into a mass of human life, and call it a commune, this only restricts the individual, and is based on the pre conception that everyone is the same and all people by no means are the same, we all have our own preferences, and talents. What authoritarian communists fail to realise is that we are all basically equal because of our individual excellence and worth, and purpose. An eminent scholar or surgeon is no more useful or special





than a good bricklayer or plumber, even people with a handicap are often most creative and useful, the reason why a lot are not is because they are treated as useless & outcasts, abnormal, unequal, & are not shown care or are not encouraged to be useful or creative, or take an active part in society. Communal life is just about the best form of human society provided it is free and non authoritarian, does not hinder the individual, but instead encourages and offers support & security. It's how human beings used to live, and it's how most other animals still live, if you watch birds, ants, monkeys, dogs (wild dogs, that is) and, a host of other species, you will see that they all share, they don't govern each other, or steal from each other, or murder each other, they survive by mutual aid, often regurgitating their food if one of their number is hungry, and if one refuses to give food to a hungry comrade, it is treated as an enemy, and/or set upon by the rest. The constant battle, survival of the fittest was a product of Darwin & Huxley's eccentric imagination provoked & founded on man's actions & behaviour under capitalism, which is a perversion of nature, and not a part of it.

NIKKI: Never having really tried it, I don't know if I'm really qualified to answer this question, but then again I did spend a very happy 10 days in Cornwall with a group of people from the 'Foundation' course I was doing last year. Approx' 20 of us, we began by trying to make it completely communal, but gave up after 2 days, as most of them were spoilt, little 'middle class' children (Sorry I'm pigeon holding), who'd never had to share anything in

their lives, and consequently threw tant rums over it all. Firstly it dwindled down to a group of 7 of us-4 lads, and 3 girls, sharing, cooking, etc, although I did most of it, but that was mainly because I was the one with the most cooking knowledge, and they all did help in some way. What I'm trying to say is that provided you've got the right group, and you're all fairly tolerant and know what you're letting yourselves in for, it's a wonderful growing experience, after all, people were meant to live together, and not to segregate themselves, the one necessity, though, has to be personal space, to call their own, where they can just be alone, if you desire to.

AL: Well I still try to have faith in it but all the slagging, gossip, and rumours prejudice, and elitism has fucked any potential it may have had, I'm referring of course to 'Anarchist Punk', the '77/01 Gothic, and more recently, metal sides of punk aren't really worth mentioning, merely fashion conscious elitist garbage, is second fads, or just pretentious/sexist bullshit, some of the music is enjoyable though. I really do hope that punks can pull themselves together though and stop fucking in-fighting over petty prejudices, and minor disagreements. There are some really good bands, and people included too, which makes it all such a shame and a terrible waste, a few I reck on are worth mentioning off the top of me 'sad' are-Genetic, Dan, Electro Hippies J.M.E, Atavistic, Astronauts, Apostles, Decadence Within, these appear to me to be dead positive, and/or interesting, that's about all I can say on the subject.

NIKKI: I often find myself saying—"Punk is dead, we killed it, by believing in it"....it's an abortion of Naichers(?) comment upon God, but likewise it is something like God that was looked towards as a solution to many of our problems, and yet became tainted and destroyed.

I once said to an artist friend of mine "Wow, it must have been good living in the 60's", to which he replied "No, it was dreadful, because for the first time the media had discovered they could exploit the kids", and they did, they sold them freedom in glossy magazines, but we didn't learn because it happened again with Punk rock, and the only answers we've got, our within ourselves.

DB: THIS INTERVIEW?

AL: Well, it's been interesting, got my brain working. It's nice to be asked so me really good quizzles, and endeavour to answer them. Thanks a lot mate.

NIKKI: This interview—well I'm sorry, I seem to have written a book, you can edit bits out if you choose, but I just enjoyed talking, it's always refreshing to discuss your views, and ideas—to share, so thanks for letting me talk.

Nikki/Corydon/The Street/Crockham Village/Hampshire/GU13 0SJ.

AL: 107 Longlands Way/Camberley/Surrey/GU15 1RU.

BEHIND THE HIDDEN DEPTHS

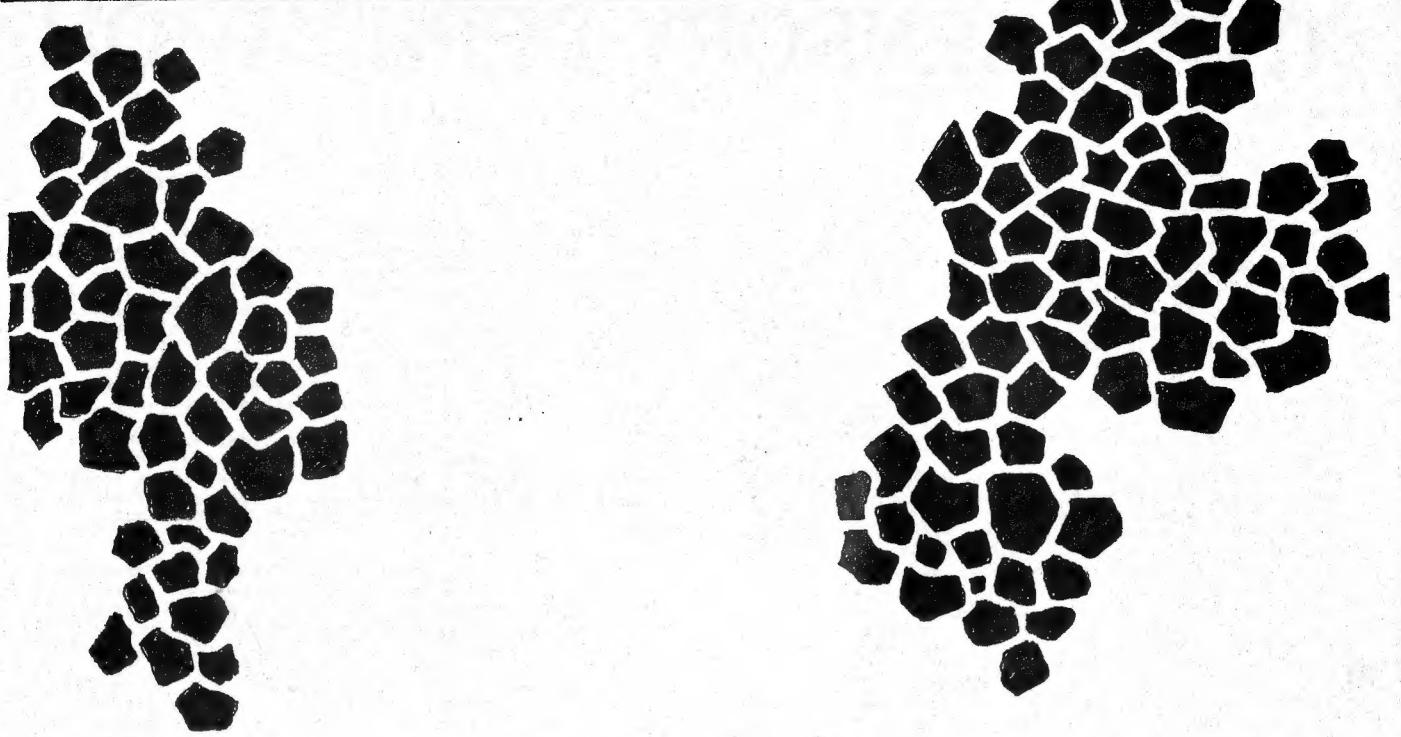
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Warmth envelops me, contented, I turn and wave hurrily, urging my friend to join us. Still wary, he half jogs, then runs over towards us, quickly, almost forcing himself to sit down beside me looking at the women, then the food, and then returning his gaze to mine. Seeing my smile, he reassures himself, tentatively reaching out for a piece of dry white bread. I follow his decision and break off a length, and pop it into my hungry mouth. Flavours mix with my saliva, I happily repeat the process, and casually scan the surrounding area, both the women continue their exchanges of communication, seemingly unaware of our presence, occasionally gazing across, smiling, then returning their attention to each other. Calmly, I recline on the slightly dew sodden grass, folding my arms behind my head, and closing each eye. It seems not like a moment has passed, when my eyelids jerk open, quickly, instantly jumping to my feet, I immediately notice that I'm alone, no friend, no women, no picnic. I stand dazed and bewildered, for an instance I gather my senses, still confused, I ponder over what could and ultimately has happened. Given little time for any further thought, and with no warning, a group shuffle in to view from behind a large hedgerow, moving along in single file, legs, the only limb giving off any movement heads, static and alert, arms crushed directly into each side of their bodies. The line becomes longer and never ending, on and on, the formation increases, still with no sight of the end. Suddenly a face comes into view, a vague sense of recognition greets each of us, he gestures with a slight nod of the head, a partial movement as if to wave, but obviously changes his mind, and the hand returns to its original position, the facial expression becomes void, meaningless and vacant, staying totally motionless as the line begins to break, and advances towards me. It doesn't take long before I become surrounded, and drawn into a conversation, again with the previous feeling of before, I sense and interpretate contentment, and at ease, I'm talking to these people as though we'd known each other for a lifetime, but, we've just met, what makes these people talk to each other, eyes flicker, coughing, laughter, high voices, combinations of body language, faint hand grasps, slight touches of skin smiles, sighs, brief moments of silence, there appears to be no signs of insecurity here, no introversion, shyness, and the such, but people are people, attitudes, characteristics, and other personal attributes exist, and always will, but here I am, in the centre of a thronging crowd of creation.

Gently easing away from my thoughts, I rejoin the conversation, a voice attracts my attention, swiftly turning round, a face focuses, young, lank auburn hair, with a pair of thin round rimmed spectacles balanced even

ly on his nose, my curiosity trips down his jacket, jeans, sneakers, grass, then reverses the process back up to his eyes, which are now squeezed almost shut, with that air of hatred within them. Almost by accident I notice the badge on one of his breast pockets split second shock, followed by repugnance, now the loathing begins to well up inside me, as his arm is firmly grabbed, no thought is needed as legs, fists and other various implants are lashed out, most of which reach their target, whimpers of pain and apologetic tones emit from his mouth, but go unnoticed. Lifting my head, I begin to drag the flailing body through the now parting multitude, and across the clearing, towards a low wooden fence, two uniformed persons stand as if on guard either side of a makeshift entrance/exit. As I approach, with the person still struggling, both of them release him from my grasp, muttering words under their breath. As they attempt to assist his departure, I spin around, just in time to see a woman rush forward, barging me aside, and somewhat dive into the scene of chaos, a small scuffle erupts, the offending person is partly released, while a brief flash of steel catches my eye before being buried deep into one of the uniforms abdomen, crumpling to the ground as if in slow motion, a complete look of excruciating pain and discomfort contorting his features. The other watches in disbelief and helplessness, both at his colleague, and the two now making a hasty run for it, giving pursuit, I leave all the previous happenings behind me, and sprint as fast as possible, gaining at one point, until the assailants turn a corner, and head deep into an abyss resembling alley, dark and literally dank, the walls surround, sparse patches of moss grace every other brick, faint drips of water flood through my brain, then the dead end becomes apparent. Up ahead, I can just visibly distinguish the two figures, crouched over, resting hands on their knees, panting heavily and deeply, obviously exhausted. With a look of defeat and surrender one raises his head up to mine, and with a blank stare of depravity, shuffles back into the gloom. As I attempt to take hold of one of the woman's arms, her eyes meet mine giving off a look of sorrow, a frown, that sporadically breaks into a demented grin, filling all her face, teeth yellow, bared, saliva rolls across her lower lip, a concise time lapse while both of us stand confronted, then she lunges forward, and the knife makes its final appearance, despair hits me full on as the world passes by, black infinite nothingness encloses as the final curtain call beckons me forth into the light.





•A·P@LMER·@T9·

TOTAL SENSORY DEPRIVATION

Phase 1

I didn't really want to say anything, well I did, I felt the urge, felt the hurt, pain, and utmost anger building up within me, the release would've been such a relief, to actually show those bastards that there was something lurking beneath my composure, but I thought about it, and decided against it for the second time, "You'll learn", I thought to myself as I stood there facing towards the figures bursting with ecstasy of mockery, huge gargantuan grins breaking across their snivelly twisted faces, "You'll learn", I thought for the second time as I turned away not gesturing any response or message. I strode further away, the hoots of laughter becoming weaker and fainter at each step, I couldn't give a fuck.

Phase 2

I liked sitting in my room, being alone, the solitude did amazing things to my mind, it built up all sorts of concoctions, miscellaneous thoughts and conations, which buzzed inside me. I enjoyed sitting up against the window, right up to the pain of glass, staring out as the world continued, and taking advantage of the long nights of summer. I'd watch people come and go along the street outside, cautiously at times, just in case I was noticed, there'd always be an observation. Groups would slowly pass by, varying between raucous joviality, or subliminal exchanges of conversation, I'd often wish the words were spoken louder, so I could hear every single word, but it was never to be, perhaps for the better, there was always the possibility I could over hear something I would regret. The evenings were never long enough, so when the sun declined it's offer of light and heat, I'd curse to myself, and slink back within the shadows.

Phase 3

Sitting in my room became a bit of a habit after that I'd find myself each evening sat, staring at the same four walls, I could say it was through choice, it was in one respect, but I accepted the situation I didn't particularly enjoy it totally, but for the time I grew accustomed to it. I'd sit there virtually all night, when the light would diminish I'd just carry on sitting there, in the partial glare from the lamps outside growing gloomier, until the shadows disappeared, resting by moonlight, wondering what had been, no sound from within, thinking, contemplating, and caressing the inner moods that would form upon my mind, plaguing me, until it reached the point that would fuck me up for the rest of my empty existence.

Phase 4

People certainly can screw you up, especially with the attitudes and particular actions, it makes you think whether it's you or them who are at fault, are we all searching for the ideal person utopia? But, people are like that, always have been, and always will be. Some are just the lowest forms of shit you could ever have the misfortune to know, their the ones who get the most pleasure out of destroying others lives, their the ones who find the most enjoyment making someone else's life a complete misery, their the ones who show no basic respect at all, and in return expect all kinds of footsuck ing behaviour, they're the ones who should be left to

wallow, then drown in their own selfish cesspool of ignorant shit.

Phase 5

Breaking point was the stage I'd almost reached, I'd experienced enough of self isolation, turmoil, anxiety and anguish. What would it be like out there? Any different, would I be accepted? Did I want to be accepted? All the time I felt the torment elevating, the agony was beginning to reach the unbearable, I wanted to escape one prison, and experience another, but it was never to happen, dejected and frightened, I let my head drop into the awaiting cradling hands, for the first time in my life, I didn't feel anything.

Phase 6

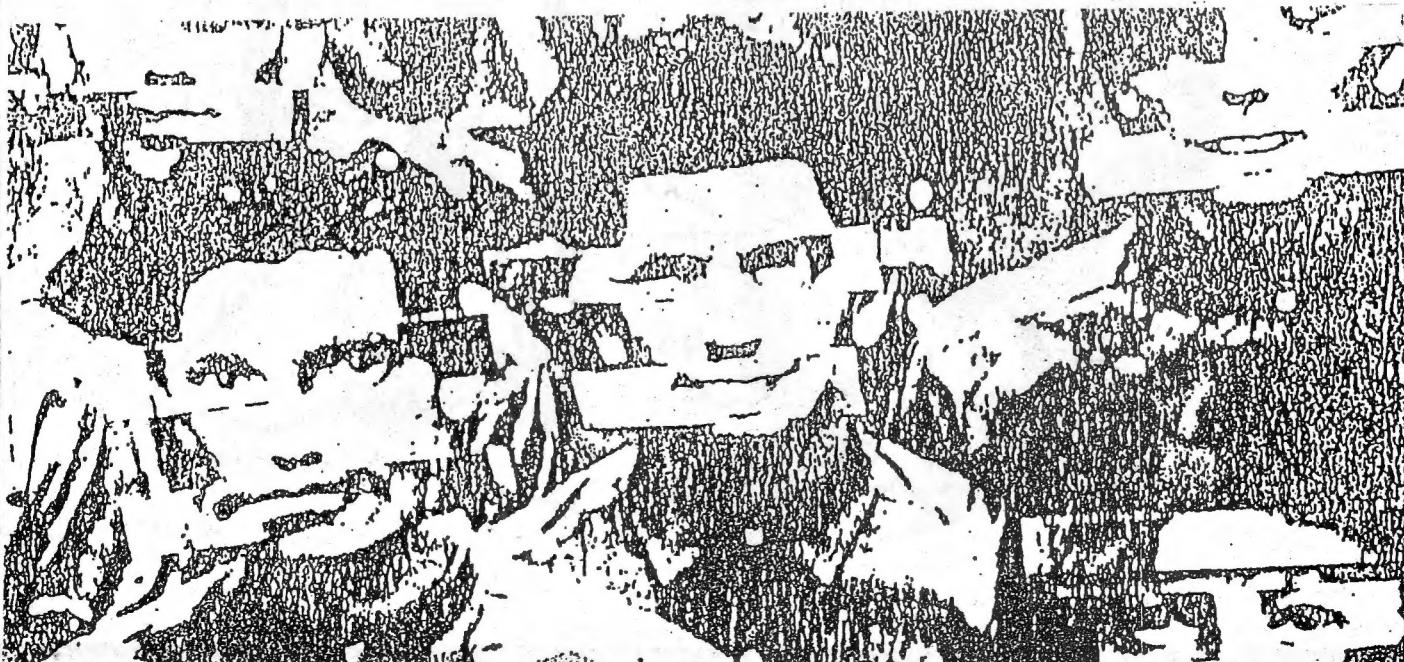
Certain individual actions are too complex to be changed, too intricate, in-depth, and conditioned to be broken, but that's not the point in not making a concerted effort. Perhaps these properties don't want to be converted, should they be changed in the first place?

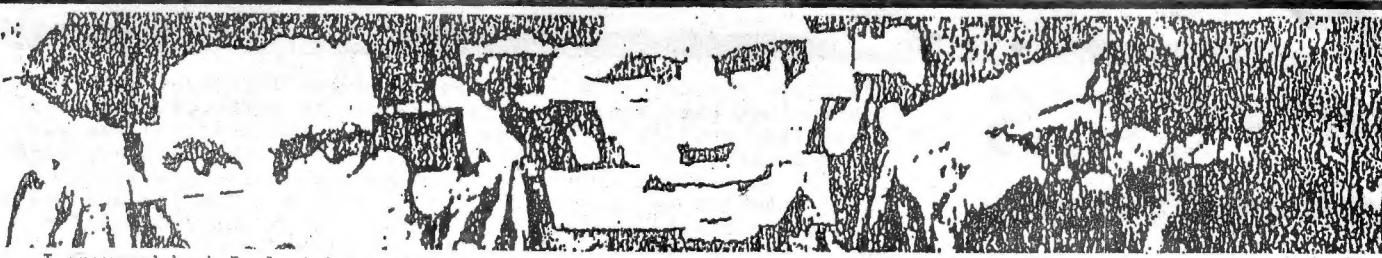
Phase 7

Twisting my head, contorting the features, I looked around in every direction, it all looked as it always had. I viewed upwards, the muscles in the front of my neck stretched, and gave a slight pain underneath my chin, but I ignored the feeling and continued to look skywards in every direction as far as I could. The colour of the ceiling was lurid, a sickly, vomit pale yellow, I even thought I could smell the stank coldness of the paint. What I saw, and what I perceived, became two individual matters. The ceiling still remained after the minutes passed, I saw movement, there was a kind of flowing effect, waves lapping upon a shore, swimming through me. I expanded my head even further back, and that's when I realised the pain had subsided, physical suffering, and discontent still remained, but the mental agony had momentarily been lifted, then with no sudden warning, I noticed cracks appearing across the front of my eyes, the gaps grew larger, the pieces fell away and I just sat there and watched, until I couldn't see anymore.

Phase 8

Laughing became coherent after that incident, continuous to the extreme, the kind of laughter that really grates the nerves, makes you want to take a cheese grater to the offending person, take hold, and pull back the skin, and pour salt into the soft miscellaneous red coloured bloody flesh, then wait to see them laugh at that. At first it didn't really bother me, I always got the impression that someone outside the window was the culprit, but when the laughter cut right through "Haffner Serenade", on my headphones, I knew it wasn't someone playing 'silly buggers', or was it? The first initial shriek scared the hell out of me, but as time passed, I became used to the vehement, patronizing, hoarse, cackly laugh, sometimes I even preferred to sit and listen, imagine it was some new form of music that I'd been the first to discover. Pity I couldn't record it, I thought to myself, it certainly could be included in one or two renditions. Just as it had begun the laughter faded away, like the end of a record, it's last faint words mocking me,





I answered back, I pleaded, I wanted it to return, I knew it would be missed. Banging my head repeatedly against the wall, I screamed out, over and over again, until I sensed the pain across my forehead, saw the fiery red sticky mess, and reluctantly gave up. Shit. I felt even more alone now.

Phase 9

Viewing through my window, perched upon the ledge, I stared through the glass, across roof tops, across varying shades of green fields, trees, odd positioned houses, the horizon, sky, clouds, and back to the wooden framework. I noticed the puke coloured paintwork again, it didn't look too repulsive now, quite pretty in fact. Outside, the street was empty, void of everything, I craved the view it held, but nothing more, it remained calm for so long. Waiting and hoping for something to happen, but it never did, everything seemed to have this air of nothingness about it, there wasn't even a wind, no sound whatsoever, to be precise, the silence was deafening, and I didn't like that, I thoroughly detested it, making me break out in desperate convulsions and spasms. I reflected, silence was once both the pleasure I desired, and the pain I abhorred. Raising a fist, I pushed through the technicolour image that layed before me, even the sudden movement and the glass shattering, made no noise. I stared through the reflection, and beyond.

Phase 10

Knocking on the door to my inner being, I kept seeing strange apparitions in front of me, looking would prove difficult at times, the room would spin at an enormous velocity, but an occurrence such as that meant very little compared to what I'd previously endured, actually I found pleasure with my head swaying from side to side, both the numb and tingling feeling flowing through my entire body, even when I occasionally dragged myself up to the window, and saw various people outside, despiring thoughts rushed through me, "Hah..at least I'm enjoying myself in here, why not come up yourself, it's the experience of a lifetime!". I vainly shouted, screamed, made as much noise as possible, but the only response I gained was the silence in my head. Fervently, I investigated again, surveying the surrounding area, it instantly crumbled in my head, the features, structures just disappeared from view, and that was probably the happiest day of my life.

Phase 11

In my opinion, sitting in that room, I felt I knew myself, knew who I was, what I wanted, and how it should be. I was one, and the smile said it all.

Phase 12

By now, everything didn't really matter anymore, whoever passed the window went unnoticed, whatever the sound was, I ignored, I felt too much within myself. My favourite friend, the laughter had returned, which I found totally gratifying, I'd welcomed it with open arms, caressing each and every distinguishable note, embracing it with as much as I could possibly give. The space in which I sat had started to fade, the frayed edges kept me amused for days on end, rolling them between finger and thumb, pulling off individual strands, flicking....

them across my crossed legs, and retrieving them with as much giggling as the voices around me. The walls and ceiling were still the same lurid sick colour that I had grown to love. I found it amazing the differences that occurred through staring at one particular object at a time, the twistings, turnings, undulations, stretchings, bowing, breaking, transformations that took place, played havoc with my mind, I guess even the voices enjoyed it, though they never said otherwise. Darkness, had become the best time though, I'd like to crouch and wonder, wonder what had been, what was to come, how it would effect me, would I be able to cope, what if I couldn't? No, that was a stupid question, of course I could cope, and handle it, after all, you only had to look at me, and then the varying other millions out there, no comparison. Sure, of course I could cope, fuck!..whatever give you ideas otherwise? As the light faded, I myself grew, I came out of myself more, I grew accustomed to what I actually was the voices gave me strength, the isolation proved to be the most exhilarating form of nature I came to know. The moon played an important part, as did the dreams, and images that were depicted in front and beyond me, each and all I found so vital. Certain insubstantial visions plagued me for some brief moment of time, but I cherished and desired each one of them, waiting for the next proved only to be the most frustrating part. Images that were conjured up during the early hours, were like ecstatic shades of ideology, I governed them, I understood them to a certain extent, but I didn't own them, they were both mine, and their own.

Phase 13

The window remained just always as it had done. So did I. I still managed to escape for brief moments, and gaze outside given the urge, into the vast and empty lifeless void, desperately trying to contain my definity and merriement. I really enjoyed sitting in my room all the multitude of experiences I'd been priviledged to take. I continued to sit alone, I didn't immediately feel anything, I just sat there alone with my thoughts and the concordant voices, the twitch, and the stretched skin gave no pain whatsoever, neither did the decayed teeth that had on numerous occasions fallen onto the lap of my tongue, matted hair clung to the shallow skull, the hurting in my eyes had long gone, even the touch and feel of the skin dismally made no difference it was just the constant flow of suppositions that bombarded my brain, that got aggravating from time to time until the point had been finally reached, caving in, collapsing, and imploding, that was the moment when I thought of total infinity.

Phase 14

As the moon sank itself from the sky, and the blackness surrounded me, I seperated from reality, visually into the form I had always craved. Turning, I faintly caught my reflection in the shattered pane, that had seized my attentive thoughts for so long. Alone I continued my journey, venturing forth.

Stretching open my eyelids, I flipped the top off the bottle, leaned across, and reached for the eject button.



Vic - CATS

I've known Vic for quite a few years now, so I thought continuing with the non band theme, an interview was in order. Delving into herself, her outlook on various topics, and the projects she was involved with (both "We're All Animals" & "Entity" booklets), and still going strong "Cats" distribution. This interview executed around late '88 and early '89. If you want to write for any reason or just a distribution list, the address is at the end, and I'm pretty sure an SAE would be useful and appreciated.

DB: HOW LONG HAS 'CATS' DISTRIBUTION BEEN RUNNING, AND WHAT WERE THE REASONS FOR STARTING? WHAT KIND OF RESPONSE DO YOU RE CLEVE FROM IT, HAS IT DIMINISHED OVER THE YEARS?

VIC: 'Cats' has been going about 5 years now (I think). It started as 'Appy the Cat' distribution, just distributing one tape (the Many Masters demo), then it just expanded to what it is today. The response is sometimes quite good, but sometimes non-existent. It hasn't really diminished over the years, it's got better if anything as the list has grown, so has the response, but as I said before, it comes and goes.

DB: BARNESLEY, WHAT'S IT ACTUALLY LIKE TO LIVE THERE, IS THERE MUCH IN THE WAY OF 'ACTIVE AWARENESS', PEOPLE, ORGANISATIONS, ACTIVITIES, ETC. ARE YOU HAPPY THERE, OR IS THERE ANYWHERE ELSE WOULD YOU PREFER TO LIVE, IF SO, WHY?

VIC: Barnsley has got to be one of the shittiest towns around! It's a really quiet boring town where nothing ever happens. As for 'Active awareness', you've got to be kidding. There are a few aware people, but no actions or activities ever get done, mainly because people are just into sitting around on their arses, getting stoned/out of their heads or whatever. There is a Barnsley Animal Aid, but all they do is leafletting, and stand with stalls and petitions to sign. Better than nothing though, I know.

I hate living here actually, but I don't think I'd ever move. If I did, I'd love to emigrate, and live somewhere like America or Australia, don't ask me why, I just don't know, probably 'cos I'd love to meet the same neighbours, ha ha! (joke of course).

DB: YOU'RE NOW A MOTHER WITH JAMIE, JUST HOW MUCH DOES HE EFFECT YOUR EVERYDAY LIFE? DISTRIBUTION, MAIL, OTHER PROJECTS, ETC. HAVE YOU ENCOUNTERED ANY DIFFICULTY IN BRINGING HIM UP AWAY FROM THE STEREOTYPES AND WHAT IS GENERALLY CONSIDERED ACCEPTABLE, AND TO THE NORM?

VIC: I can't really say that Jamie now effects my everyday life, as now my everyday life revolves around Jamie. Surprisingly I do have enough time for the distribution, write letters, and still give Jamie as much attention as he needs. The only real disadvantage is, I'd love to do another 'Entity', but there's no way I could find the time to do that.

So far I haven't experienced any difficulty in bringing Jamie up the "alternative

way" (so to speak), as Jamie is still only young, and doesn't quite know anything just yet. I suppose I will this year, as he will be a year old, and that is when the difficulty will start. I still haven't figured out what to tell him about certain traditional things like xmas, easter, etc, but I suppose I'll think of something when the time comes along, I just hope it's the 'right' thing.

DB: THERE ALWAYS SEEMS TO BE VARIOUS 'DOWN PUTTING' OF THE SCENE/MOVEMENT, WHAT ARE YOU'RE VIEWS ON IT. HAS IT PROGRESSED OR DEGRESSING FROM A FEW YEARS AGO? HOW & WHAT DO YOU THINK CAN BE IMPROVED AND/OR ERADICATED. WHAT ANNOYS YOU THE MOST. DO YOU STILL FEEL A PART OF IT?

VIC: I think the 'scene' if it can be called that now is totally shit, and certainly non-existent to what it was a few years ago (or more), due to people's own apathy. I don't think the scene will ever be the same again, as people are just not bothered in replacing what has been lost. Love, Friendliness, Happiness, etc, etc. I think people have to realise their own wrongs and put them right, and take part in the scene before it disappears altogether, instead of their own little world, as the scene is about people, sticking & working together, and not being apart, and that is what annoys me the most, as people are just in their own little groups now, and if you don't live in the same area, have the same band as them on your t-shirt or back, write to one of them, or even look the same, then you can't get in! I can't really say I don't feel part of the scene anymore, or that I still feel a part of it.

I feel more a part of it now than I did 3/4 years ago, as I now do the distribution, and write to a lot more people, but then again, I don't feel as much a part of it as 3/4 years ago, as I don't go to as many gigs, or take part in any action stuff, but that is mainly due to Jamie, and lack of money. Don't get me wrong, I'm not making excuses for my lack of cooperation, but at least I'm doing something to try and keep within the scene and try and keep what's left of this scene together, which is a lot more than a hell of a lot of other people!!

DB: DO YOU THINK HOWEVER A PERSON IS DRESSED CAN MAKE AN IMPACT, THAT IS TO SAY INFLUENCE AND CHANGE A PERSON'S WAY OF THINKING, WHO HAS OPPOSING VIEWS?

VIC: Yeah, although it's very, very wrong, a lot of people are still very influenced by how certain people dress. I sometimes dress in a what you could call a scruffy way, and because of this people think that my house is scruffy, and that Jamie is scruffy and mistreated, whereas my house and Jamie are totally opposite to what people think.

I don't think this will ever change, as when people see punk, or someone dressed scruffy/hippy, or whatever, they naturally think that's/he is into drugs, is violent, abusive, etc, or whatever else goes through their warped little minds as people are just brought up to dress how we are told/what's the latest fashion, etc, and anyone who dares to dress differently must have something seriously wrong with them, as that is just not "normal".

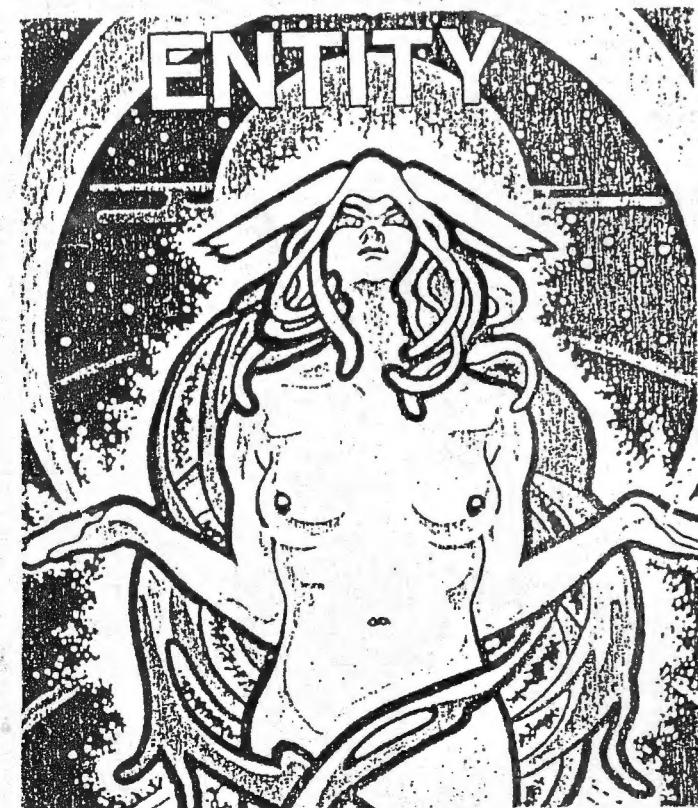
DB: IS THERE ANY SUBJECT, OR WHATEVER, THAT YOU FEEL IS TREATED TOO MUCH OF A TABOO, SHOULDN'T BE DISCUSSED, ETC?

VIC: SEX!!-Sex is still considered a taboo subject when really it's what makes the world carry on. I mean sex is only mentioned in joking, and never seriously, whereas sex is a very serious subject. People should be able to sit down and talk about sex with their partner and not feel embarrassed. You should be able to talk about what you enjoy, and how you enjoy it, etc, etc. Not only talk about it with your partner, but with friends too. Sex is nothing to be embarrassed about, after all, we all do it, but how many people do you talk to about it? And do you even talk to your partner about it? Or do you just have sex with him/her full stop?

DB: DO YOU THINK TV/VIDEO SEX AND VIOLENCE CAN INDUCE AND AFFECT THOSE WHO ARE VIEWING, AS MUCH AS WE ARE LED TO BELIEVE. IF YOU WERE WATCHING A PROGRAMME/VIDEO WHICH CONTAINED ANY OF THE ABOVE, WOULD YOU SWITCH OFF, OR CONTINUE TO WATCH?

VIC: I don't think TV/Video sex and violence affects people as much as we are led to believe. I think TV and Video are sometimes just used in violent and sexual attacks when the police or even the person doing it, can't think why they did it.

I think pornographic videos can sometimes lead men to rape/abuse women, but to say a violent film makes people...





go out and kill other people is just silly. It may make some men think more macho or whatever, or influence a lot of peoples thoughts/feelings towards certain subjects, but that's about it, as a lot of people are so naive that they believe all they see on TV and Video, and it effects them in some way or another, but not enough to go out and do what they've just seen.

DB: VIOLENCE TOWARDS THE POLICE IS BY MOST, ACCEPTABLE. HOW WOULD YOUR OPINIONS GO, IF IT WAS JUST TOWARDS A FEMALE COP, CONSIDERING THE AMOUNT OF VIOLENCE DIRECTED AT WOMEN?

VIC: Any violence towards women is wrong, be it, she be a cop, politician, rich scum, or whatever (mind you if someone killed Thatcher, I'd laugh, and think it very good!). Just because a woman is in a very unlikeable occupation, does not mean it's ok if she gets mugged, raped, beaten up, or whatever. Any kind of violence towards any woman is wrong, (except Mrs Thatcher!).

DB: ON THE SUBJECT OF FEMINISM, WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO YOU. WHAT ARE YOUR VIEWS ON SEPERATISM. TO WHAT EXTENT DO YOU THINK THE LATTER SHOULD BE TAKEN TO?

VIC: Feminism to me means, men and women working together equally, be it in the home, or in a factory, office, etc, etc. Men and women being totally equal in whatever they do. Where sexism doesn't exist, (lovely dream, eh?!).

But then as none of the above exists, except in some aspects, feminism means to me, rejecting all types of sexism, and what is considered the "normal" role of a woman.

I can understand seperatists very much, after all they must want nothing to do with men, for some reasons like rape, child abuse, beatings, etc, but

when it comes to things like seperatists living in a house together and castrating a dog because it's male, that's where I come to disagree with them. I also think that women who have some fear of men, can only get over that fear by being with men, and not seperating themselves from them. Seperatism shouldn't exist, there should be no need for women to hate men so much, that they think they have to seperate themselves from men, but unfortunately it does, and only the seperatists themselves can work out how far they should take the separation if that is what they want.

DB: IF YOU HAD THE CHANCE TO MEET A PARTICULAR PERSON, AND VISIT ANOTHER COUNTRY, WHAT WOULD BE YOUR CHOICE, AND WHY?

VIC: I don't think there is any particular person I'd really like to meet. I'd like to meet a lot of the people I write to, but that's about it really.

As for a country I'd like to visit, that would have to be Australia, again I don't know why, it's just somewhere I've always wanted to visit (or live), especially the outback.

DB: ANY FINAL COMMENTS, FEEL FREE TO USE THE SPACE AND IF THEY WERE VEGAN AND "RIGHTY-ON", WHO WOULD YOU GIVE YOUR LAST ROLO TO? (HO HO!).

VIC: I don't think I'd give my last Rolo to anyone, as I don't think anyone would give me theirs (Vic, as I'm sure wouldn't eat that shit anyway, an injection of humour that didn't quite come off...Ed). Anyway Anthony, I'd like to say a big thank you for wanting to interview me. Hello to all the people I know and write to, and a special big hello and thank you to Jamie And Dave, you have made my life worth living - I love you both!

Vic 'GATS' /67 Wilson St/Wombwell/Barnsley/S73 8LX

L'Air du Temps

 Everyone has presumably heard of these thrash merchants from Holland, so I won't go into a long labourious introduction. This interview was originally intended for the 'Future Now' zine, by the Notts crew, but they didn't have the money to print it, so it was passed onto my old mate Martyn 'Pesty' Seconds, for his zine, which then suffered similar consequences, so I ended up with it, which means it's pretty dated, but nevertheless still as relevant. I'm sure the address at the end is still in use, so don't forget those IRC's if you write. Ok, Trev asked the questions, and all the band replied - Joe (J), Meno (M), Paul (P), Olaf (O).

J: As an introduction, what are L'Air's short, and long term plans at the moment?
 M: Long term plans are to stay together as long as possible, short term plans to release a 7"EP, at the end of October. Al so, someone offered us a tour of Germany with another band, and also a split single, but we'll have to think that through because of our experiences with the American label, which were not so good. One Step Ahead, it wasn't really a mistake, but it's a bit difficult dealing with someone who you haven't met face to face. Someone can tell you loads of things on the telephone and you can trust in him, he didn't really cheat us, but he didn't give us anything for the LP which he sold 2,500 copies of, but we never saw any of the money. We aren't money bastards, we aren't hungry for money, but he sold records and made money because of us, and we want a share of that.

M: Not only that but his company gets a good name because it has a pretty famous band.

J: And he's just released the 'Rest In Pieces' LP, and Paul And Olaf have a video of this band, with Skrewdriver t-shirts on which seems pretty dodgy to me, & he compares R.I.P with Cro Mags and Agnostic Front.

J: So you think the way the labels going is not in line with what you're about?

J: No way, it's the opposite.

J: Why has the U.S. tour been cancelled?

O: No money.

M: The guy said we had sold less records than he had expected.

J: And also he phoned me first time and he was enthusiastic about it, and he said he had a band to tour with, then he phoned up and said this band had cancelled, and then he phoned up and said he had another band, but that band had cancelled as well. Then he said we need some money from you, but first of all he said he was going to pay for the tickets, then he wanted us to share the money, but we couldn't afford it. I think we'd have lost a lot of money. America seems to be the place for hardcore, but what I've been seeing lately that's not all I think. Maybe for the bigger bands that tend to sell out it's ok to go there, but a band like we are known in England and on the continent, but in America we only sold 1,500 copies which seems a lot, but 1,500 across that country is nothing.

M: Every city, I guess.

T: If you had got to the U.S. do you think you'd have had problems coping with the seemingly different attitudes toward a social and political problems, they have over there, i.e. nationalism, money, and your left wing politics?

P: Yeah, we would have.

J: We had a big think about it. Maybe you notice that during our set inbetween songs, it's mostly in Dutch, but when we were in England, we've got these speeches about what we think is wrong, and why we write a song about it, and I think certain ideas of our band just don't fit in with what the average American hardcore punk is thinking. Because you have a small amount of people in America who are left wing, or far left wing.

M: We couldn't say anything about Russia because it would start a riot or something.

J: And maybe kick the shit out of us or something like that. It was our biggest worry about America, we were really into it at first, but when we thought it over.

M: It's the same with the shows, you don't know who the promoters are, mostly big business and you don't know which bands you're going to play with, you're not....

in control of yourselves.

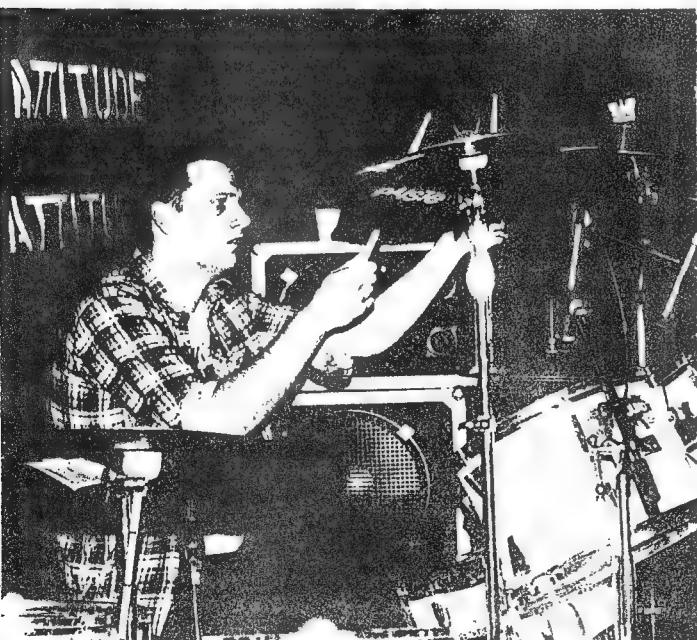
J: When he phoned us, he had already arranged 10 gigs with the Exploited.

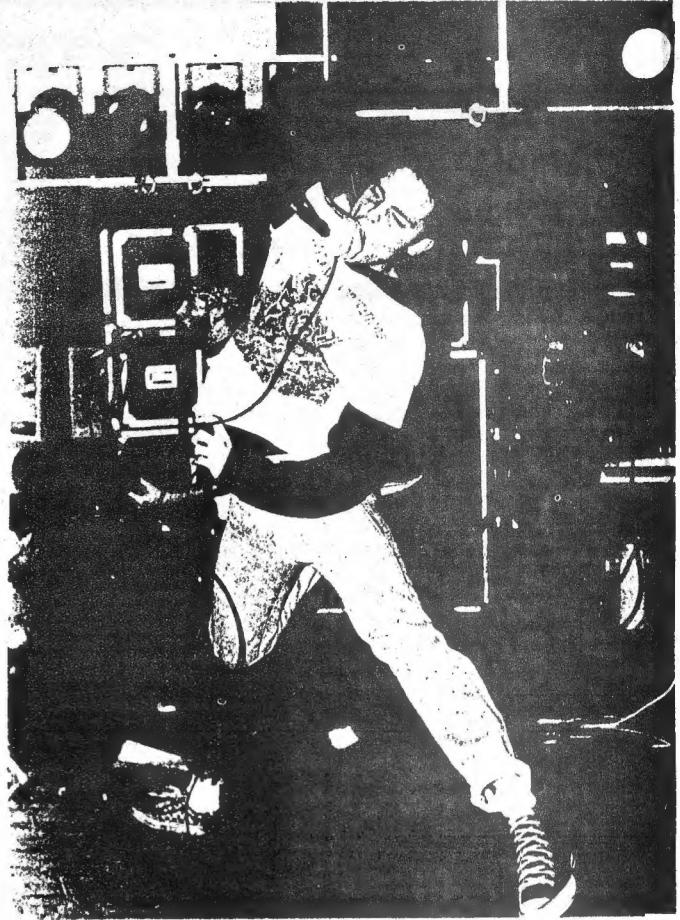
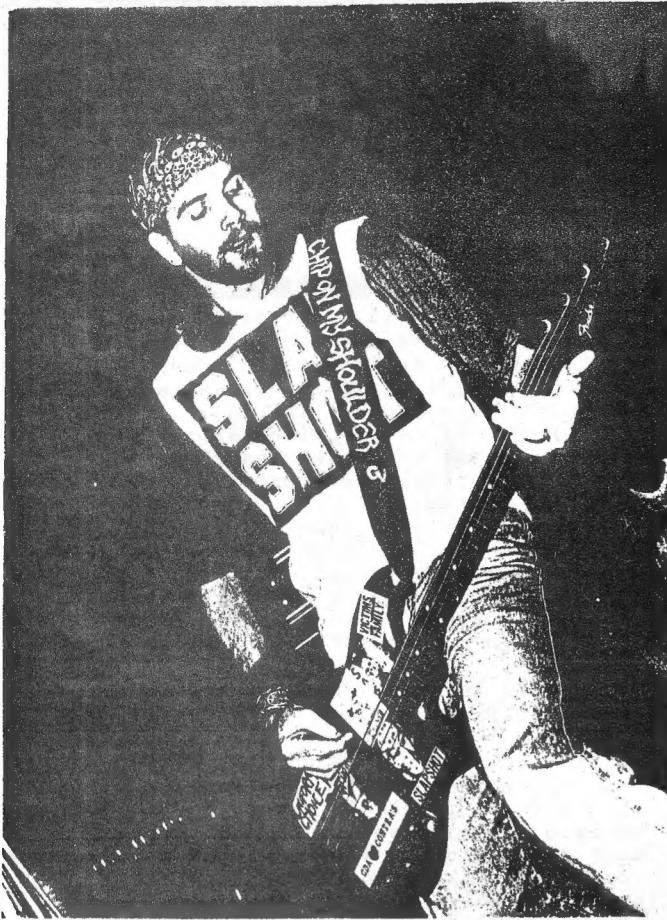
J: No, no, no, no, it's a different story. There was this guy who runs the label, he got in touch with a New York promoter, & this guy phoned me to ask if we wanted to do 8 or 10 shows with the Exploited, which I said no way, we aren't going to play with the Exploited, and he just couldn't understand, he thought our band would be pleased to play with them, that was his opinion. But at first he wanted us to tour with Ludichrist which seems ok, but we don't know them personally. I'd have no problems touring with a band I knew who's lyrics I agree on, but Ludichrist, they've got some good lyrics, but I don't really trust any New York H/C band unless I see them face to face and talk with them, because I think the N.Y.H/C scene is pretty rotten from what people tell me, and what I read about it, about the lyrics and that.

M: It's really what the lyrics say, and what the person is.

P: Because well, when you read their lyrics you seem to think they're left wing, but when you read interviews with say, Agnostic Front or Youth Of Today, they say they're anti communist, and they're not politically active. They don't want to know anything about politics. They only care about their scene.

J: Most american punks view communism of left wing politics as "Yeah, you're willing to let the Russians in", and they've got these cheap excuses like "Wait until the Russians come in and rape your wife what will you do then?" Yeah like all these american straight edge bands like Youth Of Today, Bold, etc, fit in with the American dream, they don't smoke, drink, do drugs, they just take straight edge as just anti drug, and stuff like that, but I think you should take it further like not being obsessed with politics and similar things, they are just looking short sighted to straight edge, and they really try to influence people into being straight edge themselves, and that's what I think is wrong with the american scene, it's too much on a social level.





J: Obviously, you as a band think politics as an integral part of the music, but do you feel music is important in connection to the global situation of the world, and it's present problems?

P: Well, it's a way, one of the few ways I think. It's either to get your views across with music than say, books. Cos a lot of punks I know say they're political, but they never read any books. They know the slogans and the words from the lyrics, but they don't really know what anarchism or communism is because they don't read any background information. People listen easier if you put out records, rather books. If we were 4 different writers putting out 4 or 5 different books nobody would read them, but because we are a band people listen to us. So it's one way I think.

J: We use the music to get our message if you can call it that, across or maybe things we think are important to get it across through music because I experience it here, tonight, like I was trying to sell some magazines, and they all said—"Have you got any records?", and I said—"No, I've just got these magazines", and they say—"No, no, no, some records or tapes", so it seems to be the music in the punk-H/C scene is the best way to get something across, something you want to say, you know. I definitely think it's important as well, because I still think of H/C as also an enjoyable thing, some fun part as well.

P: Otherwise it wouldn't attract anyone.

J: I don't agree with what he said.

P: If there wasn't any fun, then nobody would go to the gigs or anything else, if it's just the politics.

J: I don't know.

P: Why aren't there too many people involved in politics, young people, because there's no punk.

J: That's also because of the mentality of lots of young people that changed you and me, like everybody when they grow up. When you're a baby, getting fed up by TV, and most of the parents they don't care about the kids, they buy a VCR, buy a tape, and that's entertainment for them. Just an easy way to keep the kids quiet. Like unless you have power, some real power for yourself, it's the only way you can get into politics or something like that without this very big part of enjoyment.

P: You're saying that politics is some kind of entertainment or something?

J: Not at all. I'm not into punk or H/C for fun or anything.

J: For me, it's a minor part.

M: No, just a form of enjoyment in the music and all that.

J: At the moment, the majority of people involved in H/C are just into the scene for some fun. It used to be a bit better a few years ago, but I see it getting down towards now.

P: You only see the good sides of the scene.

M: The music I see.

J: Do you feel that H/C is still one of the musical and social forms that offers an alternative to the mistakes of the past?

All: Not really.

M: For a few years I really doubted it.

O: Like in New York, all the metalheads they all say, H/C, H/C!

M: In America it's turning into a business, but in Europe I think it's still more active and political, but you see no new people, no new real people, also a lot of people disappearing so it stays the same a small group of people. If you really want to change things, you have to attract new people, become stronger, because I've seen Amsforth for example, I would say 20 to 30 punks 2 years ago, now we're left with 6 people. All the others were in it for 2-3 years, now they have a job, career etc, you know, don't care about it anymore, just part of their youth entertainment.

J: They were all very young for a few years, runaways from home, we got a squat, and they thought it was cool to hang out in a squat when you were running away.

They were all very young and well, they all changed.

M: I also think that when I talked to someone last year and said that we were 27 year old punks? No way, it is something for younger people, do it from 16 to 20, then stop there. When you're 27, you're an old fart can't be, you're not taking me serious anymore. I think that's a real problem.

J: I also think that H/C has got on because of the music, I can understand why it doesn't attract too many people, maybe because of the music, I think, that nowadays some of the ideas that some people have in the H/C scene, they're stuck with nothing to do with H/C at all. But I think the music is some sort of border between them and say 'us'.

T: Do L'a'm as a band feel sexism in the punk-H/C scene and music should be combated?

J: Confronting people with the way they act.

T: The reason is this, anti fascism is really strong, and people go in and stop fas-

cism, but sexism is tolerated too much. I don't know why a lot of people have really old ideas of what a woman's role in today's society, and how it should be.

P: It is tolerated in this society and fascism isn't.

M: I see sexism as part of fascism, professional and discriminatory of women. It's a shame that so little women take part in the punk scene. If you have an all girl band, all the boys are shouting "Show you're tits", etc.

J: Come on after the show and say "I love the way your tits shake when you drum".

T: Do you as a band or individuals, get any problems in Holland because of your political views, is it from government or general individuals?

J: I think I've had 4 or 5 threatening letters signed with swastikas. Could be a joke, I don't know if it's a joke it's a kind of sick one. Also we get some phone calls threatening me, next time you come and play Amsterdam we're gonna come and kick you in", and things like that.

P: I think that the risk of putting your telephone number on the record, people who are bored could get the idea of phoning you.

M: It's fairly strange that bands with political views, and if you're an anarchist you get no problems, we wrote some articles on communism, and all we get is threats. I don't know why. It seems that anarchism is accepted in the scene, but other points of view, are not.

J: Like some people see communism only related to the Soviet Union, and Paul wrote an article in the last 'Definite Choice', about people more or less blaming him for the murders in Spain.

O: Because he is a communist, and communists do things like that.

J: Everyone seems so open minded in the H/C scene, like we can accept everything but when you say, I support communism, or slightly support communism, or whatever they go—"Ah well, that's not real, you have to face reality because if you move to Russia...", and stuff like that, which is really ridiculous, everybody seems so open minded, when they aren't really any different from the right wing assholes.

P: And they only see the negative side of communism in the Soviet Union, and they only see that it's a dictatorship and people who are in concentration camps, but they don't see that people are trying to achieve a different system. Like Stalin

STRAIGHT ON VIEW

was a real bastard, but they've tried to think straight again.

O: Tried to create a better system.

M: I don't think people realise that capitalism was created in 2000 years, and it's taken a 100 years to well, get the revolution. So well, it's a fairly new system, and people don't really know any background on how imperialism started, when the revolution really started, all the Polish Counts wanted to destroy the revolution.

O: One of the biggest countries.

M: What was a totalled country when the revolution turned to be one of the poorest countries, and they just started to heckle on the system, and they wanted to destroy America, England, and Germany, and they formed pacts to destroy the revolution.

J: They still have a pact.

M: And there still is because of the depression, the Russians forced to build up a defensive system, defensive revolution.

J: Not only that, but if there's one country in the world that got a good reason to have a defensive system, it's the Soviet Union. It really gets me because when people say that the Soviet Union is the biggest threat for the world, I think the Soviet Union is one of the countries that saved us from a fascist system, fascist world, in the second world war, like they sacrificed so much.

O: They got a pact with Molotov and Molotov.

ALL: Yeah.

M: No, but first Stalin offered a pact between England and America, but they didn't want to deal with communists, so I think they were forced to do the Molotov pact in some way.

P: Maybe, but to make a deal with a fascist T: What are your views on Gorbachov's Glasnost? Do you think it's a good or bad move?

P: The economy of Russia was bad under Brezhnev, and all the other guys.

J: They're creating a sort of island, an island which was like 20 years ago, like the western economy. I think they were forced to make some moves like this, to get in step with the rest of the world.

O: I think it's got to do with the very old dogmatic people who were in power at the time. A group of people who don't want to remove, but the younger people I think Gorbachov did some real good changes from the top, and gave people lots more freedom, people can choose more things to do.

T: You don't see it as watering down?

ALL: No.

O: He also said in some interview he didn't want to remove the socialist system they don't want to turn it into some sort of dictatorship. They want to stay true to their socialist ideals.

P: Cruschov said some similar things some years ago, but Gorbachov has shown that he wants this, and he's got the power to change things.

T: Seeing as you once toured Spain, do you support the Basque separatists?

O: In one way I supported, and in another way, not, because we were there, and there was part nationalism in it, which I don't like, I can understand the fight for dependency.

M: They used to be independent, but in the war with Franco, 80% of the industry in Spain got axed, and they didn't make anything new. I don't agree with ETA, they kill anything with a uniform on, but don't get people in power.

J: People really responsible for oppression. I don't know if they just put a bomb somewhere, like a police station, but it happens quite a lot.

M: Or like a supermarket, like with the man who was a dealer in a French car company, and they just bombed him. It's hard to understand stuff like that. When we were there you could feel the atmosphere of oppression a bit.

M: Maybe they were forced into it.

O: One way I can understand why they just put bombs everywhere because all the police just had guns, it's just the militaristic thing, lots of cops.

M: It could be a reaction of what the ETA is doing.

J: But then again I can get into the idea of people supporting ETA, when we sort of got on the highway, we saw cops with tanks, machine guns pointing at people, and being body searched, it really felt like being in South America or something. We met this guy and he tried to achieve independence, Basque sort of thing with no violence, he was trying to tell me if people spoke in the Basque language that it would be some form of resistance, because the Spanish govt is trying to force everyone to be like the rest of Spain. Basque people have got some sort of individuality, like speaking in their language is some sort of resistance for them.

M: Like speaking Welsh I think.

T: But surely that's not enough?

J: Yeah, it's not enough, but it's a way.

And that's where we have to leave it, I had to miss a few questions, due to lack of space.

L'a'rmic/o Jos/Hessenweg 183/3791 Pe Achterveld/Holland.

STRAIGHT ON VIEW

REVIEWS

INTERNAL AUTONOMY: "Capitalism on Sulphate-The Empire Strikes Back" LP.
A couple of explanations are in order to begin with, me thinks. This is a cassette LP, a full 60 minutes of music, recorded in a "proper" studio, as opposed to a porta-studio, ok. Secondly, I've only got a rough mixed demo, as opposed to the actual cassette, but don't let any of that put you off, 'cos Al assures me the official tape is miles better than the one I'm about to review, so lets get on with it; This is the 4th release, and can be no way compared to the earlier tapes, this is such a marked improvement beyond doubt, a mixture of haunting melody bursting with emotion and spirit, conveying all kinds of descriptive thoughts. Slow, moody, breathing hope and joy, a feeling of one, musical variation that engages originality and expression, undescribable in the extreme. Wonderful as I said, I'm only reviewing the unfinished version, so if you liked the previous releases, you'll adore this. Check elsewhere for all the information, previous and forthcoming releases, don't be a doorknob, definitely check this band out. Why, oh why, do bands like this, get no, or little recognition, while the UK H/C scene churns out so much putrid shit!
(Alternate Culture). Anthony.

LEMONHEADS: "Creator" LP
Hands up who heard the first LP and revelled in it's marvularity? Ok, hands up who heard this and felt the same way? If I asked that question for real, at a guess, there'd be one lonely hand in the air, belonging to me (or am I wrong?). So what if everyone takes an immediate dislike to it because of it's mellower Husker Du-ish approach. So what if it's just that tiny bit too clean, polished, and 'commercial' sounding. I played this and felt special inside, offering so much in the way of musical, and lyrical delights, from the opening tracks of 'Burying Ground', and 'Sunday', to the near closing '2 weeks in another town', and 'Take her down', the guitars orientate, the harmonies urge, choruses beautify, the whole record just oozes sentiment. Along with Moving Targets, they were Boston's greatest export. RIP, to a great band.
(Taang). Anthony.

ROLLINS BAND: "Do It" LP.
Side 1 consists of 3 studio tracks the first of them being 'Do It', which is by far the best out of the 3 worth buying just for that song alone, the second being a previously released track 'Move on in', and the last one being a very "Rock'n' roll" type number called 'Nextime'. As for Side 2, well that consists of a live recording of material from both "Hot Animal Machine" & "Lifetime" LP's. Don't be put off by the live stuff, 'cos it's really good, and much better sounding than the split LP with Gore, though it does seem a waste of vinyl filling one side up with previously released stuff. (World Service). Cockney.

SOUL ASYLUM: "Hangtime" LP.
We're on to a good one here, mid-paced fuzzed guitar based rockish hardcore, with one or two country & western tracks, and the occasional ballad type cut, which slows the pace down, and detracts slightly, but on the whole, this LP cooks to a terrific energy, and belts out some excellent tunes. Perhaps not as good as earlier releases, and keeps reminding me of something else which I just can't place. Well worth hearing if you're into ace commercialized melodic punk. Way smooth.
(A & M). Anthony.

DEAD CAN DANCE: "The Serpents Egg"
How do you describe the undescribable?

The preliminary first 2 12" were on average, quite mediocre, good, and still holding that very special and unique sound that they still possess today. Then along came "Within The Realm Of A Dying Sun" which proved to be probably the most exceptional musical collaboration in a long time, but this is a review of the present, and not the past, and you can't really compare 2 excellent albums. An array of haunting, meditating music, that creates depth and warmth, making you shudder with all the feelings of joy, pleasure, fulfillment, and perhaps, hopelessness. It's a grace of loneliness, overtones of religious chanting images, crescendos of layered, textured vocals, and an ensemble of variated instruments, all combined, make stunning listening, the astral projection of an audio experience. A production of mood, vibrant energy, and self being. Probably the most diverse form of music you're ever likely to hear. I still don't think it captures what the previous album did, but this is, very, very recommended. A new LP, and a tour in the fall, so watch out for them.
(4AD). Anthony.

FISHBONE: "Ma and Pa" 12".
The title track conveys pop induced hi-energy ska, and doesn't do a great deal for me I'm afraid. Flipping over, we have further tracks 'Bonin' in the Boneyard', possessing a heavy funk bass line, indistinct drumming, and a direct brass overtones, finishing with a well freaky outro, and I'm still disappointed. With 'I like to hide behind my glasses', it's a journey into total despair, in my opinion, could be rhythm + blues, but I'm no expert. Lame, was the word that came to mind. Avoid, and check out the LP instead for some real rock orientated skank, noise, punk funk. Cool cover graphics though.
(Epic/CBS). Anthony.

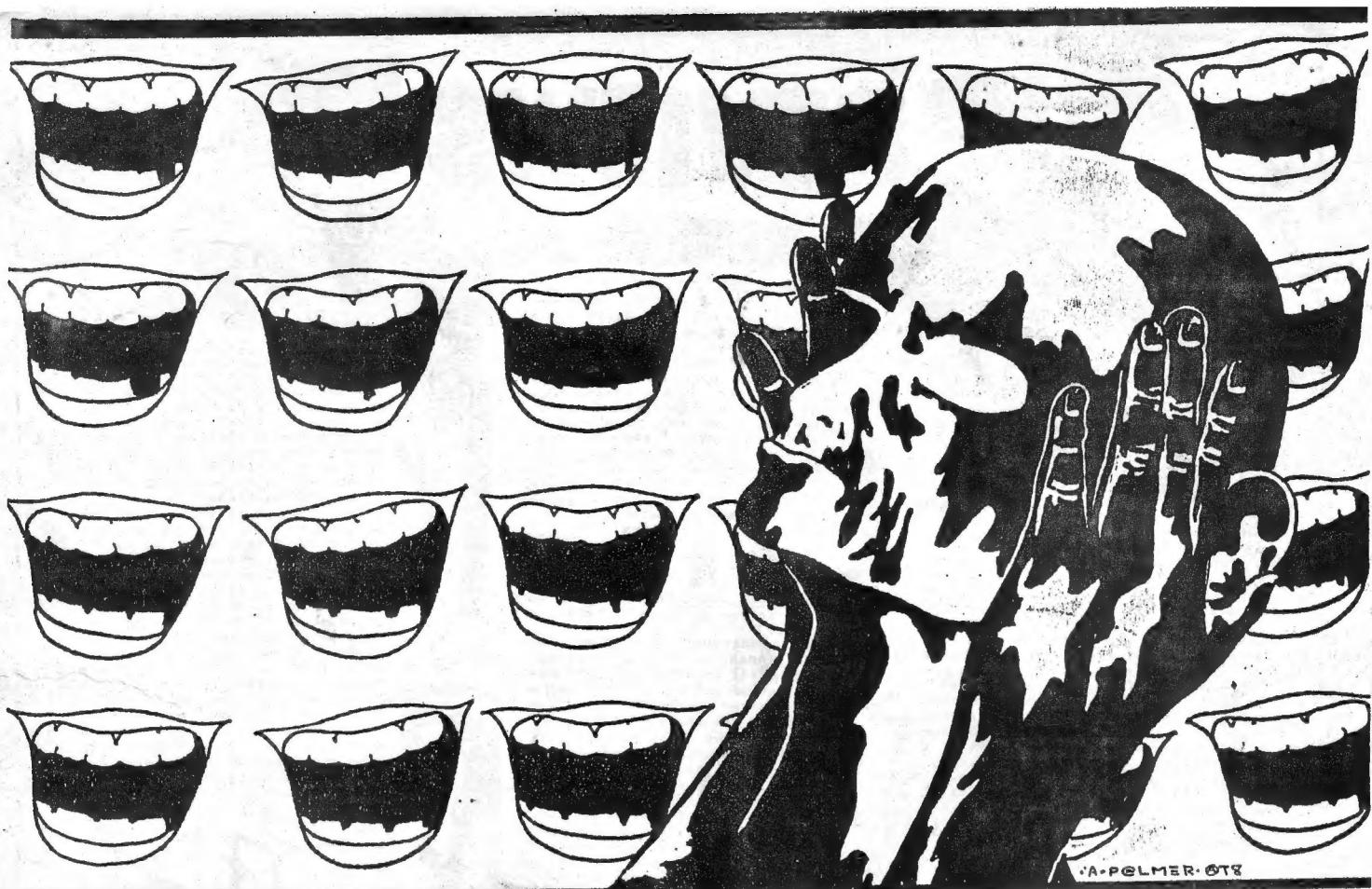
KILDOZER: "Little Baby Buntin" LP.
Ever been in that situation where you hear something for the first time and think "Whoah!", in a state of disbelief over it's sheer excellence. Yup, I encountered that very same feeling with this slice of platter upon slapping it on the turntable, and implored through ecstasy that I experienced. This is total fucking heavy distorted grunge, with well mean and angry rasped vocals spat in your face. Twisted, poignant, and grating lyrics, which just erupt thought. If you want grind and deformity, get some of this action, a 3 man pounding, grunting, sonic demolition, to the extreme. E.L.A.G.
(Touch & Go). Anthony.

GOVERNMENT ISSUE: "Crash" LP.
How many LP's is this now from the G.I. camp? Hell I've lost count anyway. This recent release kind of crept up on me, never saw any ad's or 'press' coverage, 'till I saw the darn thing in a local record shop, and that was when I whooped with delight, boy I was looking forward to hearing it. Boy, I was disappointed. Ok, lets deal with the music, if you've been keeping tabs on G.I. over the years, you'll fully know that 'rockier' (for use of a better term) sound they've developed. Well this is no exception, very mainstream sounding, and unlike "5", and "You", this just doesn't quite make it for that added sparkle and gems which those 2 possessed. But it's still in the distinct mould of their 's, easily noticeable. Stabb's vocals have somewhat changed, it's all up to you to decide whether it's a progression. Apart from 'Connecticut', and 'Forever', this is pretty lame stuff indeed. Hell, even MRR gave it a blazing review, now that is strange. (Giant). Anthony.

SONIC YOUTH: "Daydream Nation" LP.
Hm, a double LP this time, I wasn't sure what to expect really, as I thought their last offering 'Sister' was by far the best they'd done. Anyway on with the review, the first 2 tracks started the ball rolling 'Teenage Riot' & 'Silver Rocket'. Hm, I was beginning to like this LP, though the third track 'The Sprawl', stopped everything in it's tracks, a long drawn out track that bored me a little, though things soon hotted up pop kids, with the next track 'Cross the Breeze', with some fine vocals courtesy of Ms. Gordon. Anyway seeing as this is a double LP, and there are about 4 songs to each side, I won't bother doing them all (hooray!). Ed, but on the whole this is a fine LP, though a little drawn out in places, but the more 'mid tempo' stuff makes up for it, depending on your taste. Personal fave's have got to be 'Teenage Riot', 'Silver Rocket', 'Cross the Breeze', 'Kissability', and 'Eliminator Jr'. (Blast First). Cockney.

PILLER: EP.
Now, for a start off, I've only got this on tape, and not actual vinyl so maybe that gives an excuse for a slightly uncooked production, perhaps it's meant to sound like that, I just don't know, but hey, what the fuck... this sure smokes along at a heavy, chugging pace, splashed with various helpings of feedback, all instruments packing a punch, tied in with distant urgent vocals, in fact this is one pretty urgent EP, in it's musical style, approach, and effect, and quite original in that, not thrash, not hardcore, just good sounding melodic noise (perhaps?), and fucking swell at that. Looking forward to more. (Fourth Dimension). Anthony.

MEKJICAN ON HALL



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SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS RIDING THE SUBWAY. SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS
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 A pointless pop song spews out of the speakers, just another song about "love"? SUBWAYS SUBWAYS
 SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS SUBWAYS
 Though your not listening, your not interested, you'll forget. You're surrounded by all
 the empty faces, empty people, drained of any life. Poor fuckers. People going places,
 but not going anywhere, empty minds in empty bodies, leading empty lives. No time to
 talk to a stranger, they dont want to know, not interested. Like you in a way, but yet
 so different? But then, what makes you so fucking different? UB
 As you sit together, BWAY
 shivering along the tracks, eagerly waiting to get away from eachother. Strangers sharing
 leg room & nothing more. Yet the more you think about it, the more you realise that your
 just the same as them. Though, you try & hide from this fact, afraid to admit to yourself,
 & that scares you, so you try & seperate yourself even more from them, reassuring yourself
 that you are different, even though deep down in your guts you know your not. But what's the
 You'll be getting off at the next stop. S... Your not listening. You're not interested.
 You'll FORGET.... Cockney.